

THE DAILY MIRROR, Monday, March 29, 1915. 3-4  
**CIRCULATION OF NO. 3 OF "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"—1,840,722**

# The Daily Mirror

**CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD**

No. 3,565.

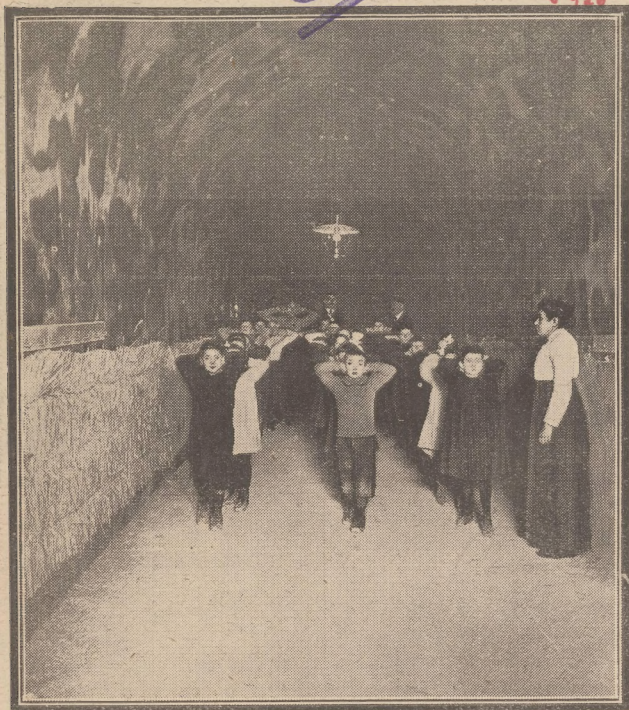
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MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1915

16 PAGES.

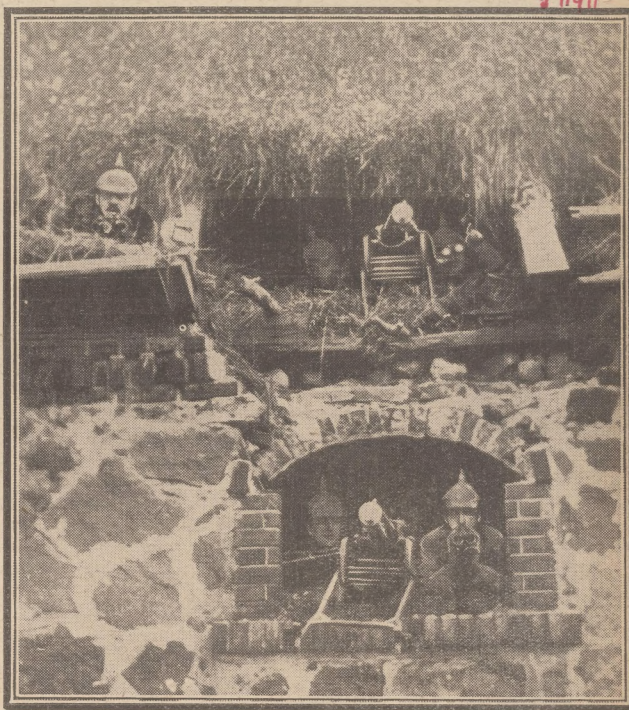
One Halfpenny.

## CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL IN A WINE CELLAR.



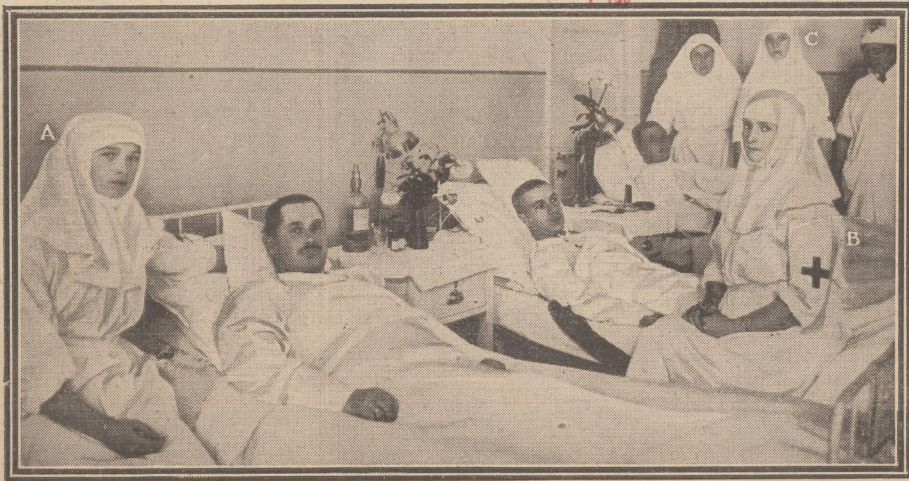
Everyone has to live underground in Rheims, as the town is frequently bombarded by the Germans. The picture shows schoolchildren doing their physical drill in a wine cellar, from which all the choice vintages have been removed.

## BRITISH CAPTURE A FORTIFIED FARMHOUSE.



Germans instal machine-guns in a farmhouse. One of the most thrilling incidents in the Neuve Chapelle victory was the feat of the 2nd Middlesex, who captured a farmhouse which had been fortified in this way.

## THE TSARINA AND HER DAUGHTERS NURSING WOUNDED OFFICERS.



The Tsarina and two of her beautiful daughters at the imperial hospital for wounded officers at Tsarkoe Selo. The Grand Duchess Tatiana is marked (A), her Majesty (B) and the Grand Duchess (C).

## CLERIC MAKES SHELLS.

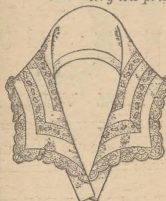


The Rev. Stuart Robertson, of Glasgow, who begins work in a shell factory to-day. He will make "shells for the Prussians on week-days and shells for the devil on Sundays."



**Made-up LACE**

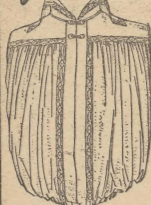
An essential finish to the present style, whether in Blouse or Tailor-made, at very low prices.



L 26.—Pretty **Net Roll Collar**, trimmed with Val insertion and Edging in Ivory. **2/6**



L 14.—New shape **Roll Collar**, most becoming, in Hemstitched Maudlin, adaptable to Blouse or Coat. **1/9½**



L 20.—Dainty **Ivory Net Front and Collar**, trimmed with Lace. **4/11**

**Practical HATS**

Useful holiday wear, in quiet taste, and most inexpensive.



Smart Breton **SAILOR HAT** in Tagal Straw, trimmed with corded ribbon band and cockade, with small feather mount in centre. In Black, Brown, Navy, Purple, Putty and White. **12/9**

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**11 BARGAINS FOR "MIRROR" READERS.**

There are over 500 other equally TEMPTING OFFERS illustrated in our Great Sale List of Curtains, Linens, and Cretonnes. Write for a Free Copy to-day.



**360 Odd Linen Sheets**, worth to-day 29/11 per pair. Double Bed, Sale 10/- each sheet. A few Single Bed size, Sale 8/11 each sheet. 150 Pairs of Flain, Twill, a few Hemstitched Cotton Sheets at 10/11, Single and Double Bed. This Week, per pair **8/11** (Unrepresentable).



**Hexham**—A delightful design in Wire Woven Short Curtains. Sale 15in. 24in. 30in. 36in. per pair. 24in. 30in. 36in. yard. (White and Ivory). Patterns sent.



**Big Bargains in Damask This Week.** 200 Spot and Key Border all Linen. Size about 2 x 2 and 2 x 24yds. Worth to-day 8/11 and 10/11. Sale Price **6/11½**

Either size, 2,000 broken doz. in Serviettes, 8/11 and 10/11, all (each) 15/11 and 18/11, all at 1/6 ea.

**Montrose**—Low Priced Bargain, 38in. Lace Edged Strong Curtains Net, wood 6yd. 48 in. design yard. Sale **6/1d.** White and Ivory. (Write for patterns).



**Wonderful Bedspread Bargain**—1,000 Paisley Design Plain Bordered Bedspreads. Usually 2/11, Single Bed only 3/11 each. Post 2d. In Blue, Old Rose, Green Borders. Also Quilt Queen Anne Rosebud Chintz design and plain bordered 4/11, Single Bed only, Sale 3/3½. Rose, Blue, Green Borders.



**Ready Made Waterdown Quilt Covers.** Low Priced Offer of 200 of our 6/11 Slip-on Down Quilt Cases, to fit a 36 x 54 quilt. Sale, each **4/11½** Old Rose, Blue and Green.



**HEMSTITCHED LINEN CASES**



200 of our well-known 2/6 **Pure Linen Hemstitched 20 x 30 Pillow Cases**, Sale, each **1/11½**



**Job Line** of about 400 Fresh Looking Printed Washing Bedspreads, mixed design, Single Bed only. Last year's 8/11 and 4/11 Spreads. Sale this week 5/11, Blues, Pinks, Greens and Mauves. Post 2d.



**Dorothy Face**—One of our 1/3½ Cretonnes, to be sold this week at 10/11, 9d. (6 colours). Write for bunch of 10yd. and 6yd. cretonnes.

**GAMAGE'S**

**SPECIAL OFFER THIS WEEK.**

**"The CLIFTON" CORDED FLEECE SPORTS SET.**

comprising: Coat, Cap (and Belt which may also be used as a Scarf). **Smart Style, with Pockets, and trimmed Smoked Pearl Buttons.** The Coat is 20ins. long. Colours: Cerise, Vieux Rose, Scarlet, Grey, Saxe, Royal, Sky.



The Set, Price **7/6**

No. S.50.—Serviceable, Well-made CLOTH

**COSTUME SKIRTS.**

Trimmed buttons, belted back. In Grey, Brown, and Heather mixtures. Lengths 38 and 40ins. Width round foot, 60in.

Price **3/3** Carriage Paid.

**THE HOLBORN. 55 Only SPORTS COATS.**

with Pockets. Colours—Saxe, White & Khaki White Stripes. Coat length 20in.

Price **4/6** Carriage paid.



**A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.,** HOLBORN LONDON, E.C.

**"Baby never a bit of trouble."**

Another mother writes her experience.

MESSRS. W. WOODWARD, LTD.

199 Warwick Road, Sparkhill, January 21/15.  
Dear Sirs,—Allow me to express my utmost thanks in having found a friend such as your "Gripe Water." I have enclosed a photograph of my baby which was five and a half months old when taken, and has now three teeth at eight months. He has had your preparation since four days old, and has never been a bit of trouble. I feel bound to recommend your "Gripe Water" to mothers with cross children, as baby should not be so if not in pain. It is by far the best I know. Hoping this will meet the eye of someone who has never tried it.

I remain, yours faithfully, F. LANE.

**WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER**

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

**INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.**

Of all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/1½.

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Ladies' dainty Langtry Shoes, in Patent Leather or Glacé Kid, Cuban heels and Grey non-slip lining. In two fittings, sizes and half sizes.



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QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.

**A Post Card**

to Pullars, Perth, will bring you a delightful booklet, "The Dyer's Art," compiled in the interests of household economy.

It tells how Pullars' Dry Cleaning process cleans, removes stains, and effectually revives all manner of wearing apparel, home fabrics, and furnishings.

It tells how faded, time-worn articles regain a delightful freshness almost to the point of "newness."

It gives the cost of treating each article, thus enabling the careful housewife to "count the cost" before sending.

Write for a copy to-day to Dept. B.

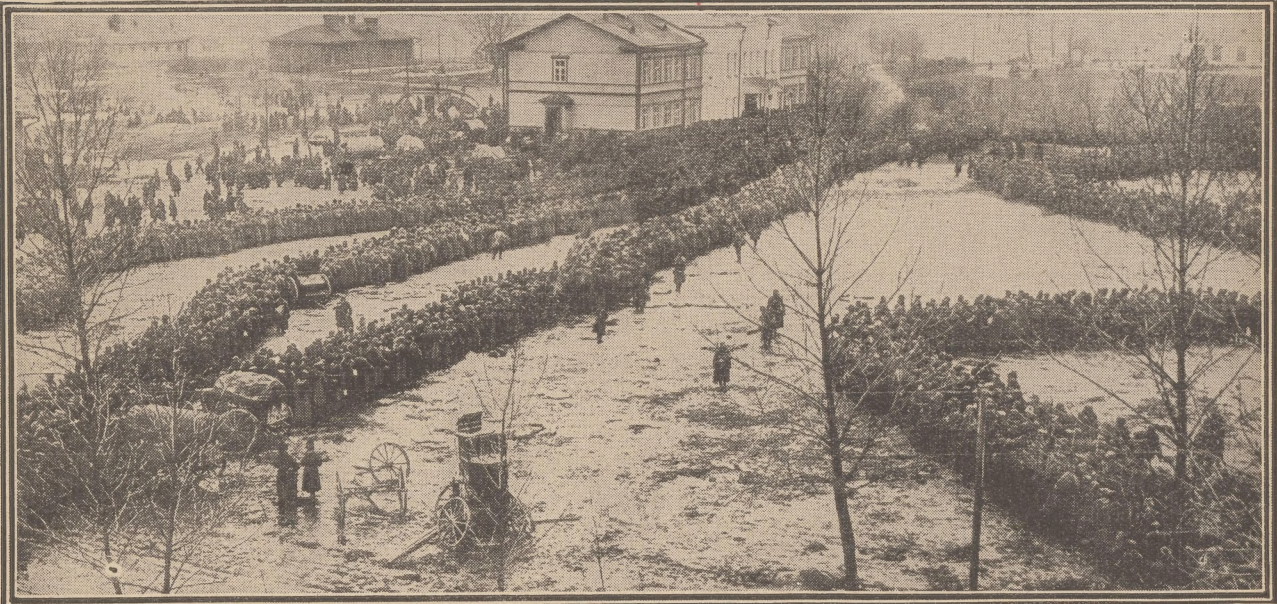
**PULLARS**  
CLEANERS & DYERS  
PERTH

4,000 Agencies within the United Kingdom.



# 105,000 RUSSIAN PRISONERS: IF IN DOUBT, KEEP ON ADDING NOUGHTS.

G. 11910 F



Russian prisoners captured by the Germans during the second battle in the Mazurian lake district of East Prussia. They are seen drawn up awaiting removal to Augustovo. The enemy claim to have captured 105,000 men in this battle, but it is

advisable to keep the salt-cellar handy when reading the Berlin official reports. "Grandma" Wolff might quite easily have dropped an extra nought on at the end. She's very careless sometimes.

## EDINBURGH'S FLAG DAY.

G. 10274



Girl sells badges in Edinburgh, where a Highland regiment's flag day was held on Saturday.

## "BE CAREFUL, DRIVER."

G. 118



A woman artist arrives at the Academy with her picture on Saturday. It was "sending in" day.

## LADY NELSON AND ALLY SLOPER.

P. 3533 B.



Lady Nelson with her horse, Ally Sloper, which created a racing record by winning the Grand National for a woman owner. Lady Nelson is the wife of Sir William Nelson, Bart.

## PALM SUNDAY AT WESTMINSTER.

P. 620



Palm Sunday was observed with stately ceremonial at Westminster Cathedral yesterday, and the picture shows the procession entering the sacred building. Cardinal Bourne is carrying an elaborately cut palm.



## TRENCH SNOWDROPS FOR FIANCEE.

Belgian's Gift in Firing Line to Brave Nurse.

## RACE TO PICK UP BOMB.

A glowing tribute to a body of twenty women belonging to the Women's Nursing Yeomanry, who go right into the firing line on various errands of mercy, is made by Mr. McClellan, who has just returned to London from Dunkirk and Calais.

"One of these women," he told *The Daily Mirror*, "is shortly to marry in London one of the Belgian officers whom she met in the trenches."

The other day, when this woman went up into the firing line her fiancé presented her with a bunch of snowdrops which he had gathered by the side of the trenches. Mr. McClellan has been up in a Belgian aeroplane over the German lines, and on several occasions he has also been in the thick of bomb-dropping campaigns from German aeroplanes and Zeppelins. He is now counting the hours to when he will return to France.

Describing his flight in a Belgian aeroplane, he said that he finally obtained permission, after some difficulty, from the authorities to accompany one of the pilots who was going up to reconnoitre.

### WONDER OF WHITE PUFF BALLS.

"Unfortunately it was not a very clear day and the earth was rather misty below," he said. "We went up to a height of over 7,000 ft. and flew along at that level for some time."

"It was difficult to realise that the war was taking place below. The absolute fatness and peaceful appearance of the country at first impressed me. The land underneath me might have been a desert but for the green patches of fields and trees and the stony outlines of houses. Not a living soul was to be seen."

"The only sign of activity below—and it was one of the most curious sights I have ever seen—took the form of white puffs of bursting shells. Suddenly, here and there, would appear little white fluffy balls of smoke—indicating the bursting of shrapnel shells."

"Occasionally there were also small pillars of black smoke—showing where 'Jack Johnsons' had fallen."

"We came down to earth safely after some steep 'banking' on the part of the pilot, who handled his machine as coolly as if it had been a motor-car. Throughout the whole of our journey I don't think we were once fired at by the Germans."

Mr. McClellan was at Calais during a Zeppelin raid there just over a week ago. "I was staying at the Hotel Central," he said, "and the first indication we had that Zeppelins had arrived was the deafening crash of a bomb explosion."

The Germans were evidently trying to smash up the railway station and the engine 'turn-table'—just behind the hotel.

### BOMB AS SOUVENIR.

"Nearly all the windows in the hotel were smashed by the force of the explosions, and one of the bombs, weighing about 120 lb., fell on a refugee train close by, killing and wounding several of the passengers. It was pretty exciting in that hotel while the raid lasted!"

"The Germans also dropped incendiary bombs, and one of these fell in the street near the Hotel Central. Mr. Sidney Pickles, the well-known British airman, and myself raced across the road to be the first to get the bomb as a souvenir. Mr. Pickles won, but we decided to 'toss up' for it, and I lost."

"One of the most exciting (and rather humorous) incidents I saw in Calais was the releasing of a carrier pigeon by a supposed spy from a motor-car. The car dashed up in one of the main streets, a man put his head out of the window, and at the same time a pigeon fluttered into the air."

"The car immediately drove off, and a gentleman who saw the incident fired several shots without effect at it. He also had a 'pot' shot at the pigeon!"

### SPECIAL PAVEMENT FOR "BOBS."

A touching story of affection for Lord Roberts is told in connection with a bust in bronze of the great soldier, for which he sat during the last year of his life. The bust has been executed by Professor W. R. Colton, A.R.A., and will be exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Just before Lord Roberts was due to make his first visit to the studio in St. Mary Abbott's place, a new road was being made. Mr. Colton mentioned one morning that Lord Roberts was coming there shortly, and he wondered how he was going to get past all the heaps and barricades.

The men thought a moment, and then said they could not let "their dear old soldier" push his way through all the works. They would put down a pavement for him. They set to work quickly and did it, taking the pavement up again when Lord Roberts had regained his car in the Kensington-road.

### DEAD OFFICER'S PORTRAIT.

A portrait published by *The Daily Mirror* last week was by mistake stated to be that of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes (Royal Irish Rifles). *The Daily Mirror* regrets any embarrassment that this error may have caused to the dead officer's relatives.

## NEW RECORD EVERY WEEK

Circulation of "Sunday Pictorial" No. 3 Reached 1,840,722 Copies.

## LOOK OUT FOR EASTER ISSUE.

1,840,722 COPIES!

Another world's record was made yesterday, the circulation of the *Sunday Pictorial* reaching this wonderful figure.

No paper in the third week of its existence has ever attained this colossal circulation.

But, great though the circulation was, the number of copies was insufficient to meet the demands of the trade, and at eleven o'clock yesterday morning not a copy was purchasable at the publisher's office.

The *Sunday Pictorial* went everywhere yesterday—to town mansion, West End club, suburban villa, country house, country cottage, urban tenement and seaside home.

Special trains carried it to the East Coast, the South-East Coast, the South Coast and the West Country, and hundreds of thousands of copies also went all over the kingdom by ordinary train.

Everywhere, according to last night's enthusiastic messages from wholesale agents, the *Sunday Pictorial* sold like hot cakes.

The progressive sale of the new paper is one of the most amazing things in modern journalism. Here are the circulation figures:—

No. 1	1,033,203
No. 2	1,554,276
No. 3	1,840,722

The contents of the *Sunday Pictorial* improve week by week with the circulation. As No. 2 was better than No. 1, so was No. 3 better than No. 2.

The magnificently-printed pictures have never been surpassed by a sixpenny illustrated paper. One of the finest photographs ever published gave the actual trench captured by Michael O'Leary, the young Irish Guardsman V.C., who killed eight Germans and by his heroism gained deathless fame.

But this was only one of many pictures of arresting human interest. There were pages of literary matter from the pens of popular writers, pages of Saturday's news, and quite a good display of exclusive stories.

Next Sunday there will be a grand Easter Number, and a new record in journalism will again be made.

## WARSHIPS SHELL TURKS.

Heavy Firing in Dardanelles—British Air Scouts at Work.

TENEDES, March 28.—There has been some firing this morning off the Gallipoli Peninsula. Warships are apparently engaged with Turkish observation parties.

Aerial reconnaissance from the British parent ship *Ariel* Royal is of daily occurrence.

Later.—The firing is becoming heavier.—Central News.

TENEDES, March 28.—Trawlers continued the work of mine-sweeping in the Straits last night protected by battleships.

The Turks at Kilitbahr opened fire, but were bombarded and promptly silenced.

Between eight and twelve o'clock this morning heavy firing was heard from the direction of the Gulf of Saros, with what result is not yet known.

Allied aeroplanes began their scouting flights at nine o'clock this morning.—Reuter.

## WOMEN TRAMWAY-CAR CONDUCTORS?

A resolution strongly protesting against the suggested introduction of women labour on the London County Council tramways system and in favour of withdrawing from the cars if such a course was adopted was passed yesterday by the members of the North-East London branch of the Amalgamated Association of Tramway and Vehicle Workers.

The meeting also passed a resolution in favour of a 15 per cent. rise of wages to all grades to meet the increased cost of living.

## A HERO TO FIVE.

Scottish Officer's Company of Pretty Women in the Row.

## NOVEL BONNET HAT.

Sunday in the London parks on these cold, bright, windy days of March, 1915—who will forget them?

In Hyde Park yesterday there were the same thronging crowds, but—with a vast difference.

Almost all the men were in khaki—the rather dull, drab, monotonous colour of khaki dominated everything, making the pretty dresses and spring hats of the women stand out in striking contrast.

On one side of the promenade by the "Row" were the green lawns with beds of spring flowers just beginning to blossom; on the other was a ceaseless procession of riders, including many dashing officers and pretty women.

There was one young officer of a famous Scottish regiment who was accompanied by no less than five pretty horsewomen.

Somehow the old atmosphere of the "Row" has completely gone—the "knot" has vanished as if he had never been. The conventional silk hat and morning coat was only to be seen here and there and at rare intervals, and then on the heads only of elderly men.

One woman wore a rather novel hat—it was at least sufficiently novel to attract a good deal of attention from her own sex. It was exactly the shape of a Highlander's Scotch bonnet without the ribbon behind. Round the rim of the hat—to set off its severity—were a number of imitation cherries and small green leaves.

The general opinion of the men was that the hat "was not at all bad" and was a good deal better than some of the other freak hats which were to be seen in the "Row."

## WHAT'S INSIDE?

Surprises for Children in New Easter Eggs—Savage Chocolate Dogs.

Every child is looking forward to the gift of an Easter egg, and in spite of the war more varieties than ever have been designed this year for the little ones.

The patriotic egg is, of course, first in place, and of this type there are many varieties. There are Kitchener eggs, Jack Tar eggs, Allies' eggs, Dreadnought eggs, and many other kinds, including serious-looking eggs which when opened show a row of British bulldogs made of chocolate.

The "mysterious" patriotic egg is one of "sugar candy," and hides no one knows what, as a saleswoman told *The Daily Mirror*. It is and is bound up with red, white and blue.

The rabbit has this year largely displaced the "canary-duck" chicken which used to jump out of Easter eggs. Some chocolate eggs with a black cat sitting on them are on sale.

Eggs on which Tweedledum and Tweedledee, out of "Alice in Wonderland," looking very plump, are seated, are now shown in the West End shops.

## MAN WHO MADE FIRST BICYCLE.

The man who is understood to have made the first bicycle in England has just retired from business at King's Lynn.

He is Mr. James Plowright, who claims to have copied the first "bone-shaker," as he describes it, from France.

The original machine was made by M. Mechaux, and, says Mr. Plowright, "the first one I made had iron wheels and was of iron throughout."

Mr. Plowright speaks of the days when bicycles had wooden wheels, and says he has ridden thousands of miles on one of these machines. One of his longest journeys was from King's Lynn to Spalding and back.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Mostly fair or bright, but some slight snow showers locally; cold.

## "WE MUST TRY TO LOVE GERMANY."

Canon of St. Paul's on "Horrible Wrongs" in Crushing Enemy.

## PRAY FOR THE HUNS?

"Love Germany" was again the theme of a sermon delivered yesterday afternoon at St. Paul's Cathedral by Canon Simpson.

Canon Simpson, preaching from the text "Love your enemies," said he was not prepared to admit that under no circumstances force was justified.

"The war has brought us a noble opportunity if we have the grace to use it to love our enemies," he said.

"It will lead no one to believe every tale of barbarism related of the foe, it will lead no one to sneer at culture or the ignoble workings of hate, or self-righteously to assume the prerogative of punishment."

"It is not enough to defend our shores, to liberate Belgium, to succour France and to give peace to Europe."

"We must," declared Canon Simpson, "make an effort to love Germany."

"One country cannot crush another, however righteous its cause, without inflicting what it is difficult to describe otherwise than as horrible wrongs."

"As we think of the desolation of war and of the simple folk we must perforce include under the bitter name of enemies, the hard-hearted of the heart, and we ask, 'As for these sheep, what have they done?'"

Canon Simpson said the question had been raised whether Christian men might rightly pray for victory. He thought they might.

At least, he added, they were bound to pray for their enemies, and he wondered sometimes, in looking through the forms of service at their weekly intercessions, whether as a Church and nation they had not been far too slow to recognise this primary object of Christian discipline.

## "AFTER THIS WAR."

"After this war," said Mr. C. Roden Buxton at Browning Hall, Walworth, yesterday, "no nation ought to be reduced to such a position that they will immediately begin preparing for another war."

"No nation ought to be reduced to such a position that they will not be willing to come into an international agreement."

## "LOADING THE DICE."

Mr. Balfour and the Justice of Our Reprisals to Sea Piracy.

Britain's blockade of Germany is a reply to an attack which is not only illegal but immoral; and if some reply be legitimate and necessary, can a better reply be devised?

Thus writes Mr. Balfour in a long statement regarding our reprisals for sea piracy which he issued yesterday. The statement expresses his own opinions and is not official.

Mr. Balfour says:—  
What, in the eyes of the objector, is the defect of the British Order in Council? It is that the blockade of which notice is there given does not assess all the character of a blockade as defined in authoritative text-books; and that, in particular, it violates the rule which forbids "discrimination" in favour of one neutral as against another.

Now the object of this rule seems clear. It is designed to prevent the blockading power from its privileges in order to make out different treatment to different countries—as, for instance, by letting ships of one nationality pass the blockading cordons, while excluding the ships of another.

Now I submit that if there be "discrimination" inflicted by the British blockade, it is not discrimination of this kind.

What does international morality require of one belligerent when the other belligerent tramples international law in the dust?

To some persons the answer to this question seems easy. Why, they ask, should the crime of one party modify the policy of the other? International rules should be obeyed by both sides, but their repudiation by one side leaves the obligation of the other unimpaired.

Such an answer, however, confounds international morality with international law. The obligation of the first is absolute; that of the second is conditional; and one of its conditions is reciprocity.

If I feel inclined to quarrel with the word "conditional," let them consider what would happen if ordinary law were deprived of all its sanctions: if the State lost all power to enforce obligations, to protect the innocent or to punish the guilty.

International law has no sanctions; no penalties are inflicted on those who violate its rules; and if a State makes use of forbidden weapons the neutrals, who blame its policy, do nothing to protect its victims.

If the rules of warfare are to bind one belligerent and leave the other free, they cease to mitigate suffering, they only load the dice in favour of the unscrupulous; and those countries will most readily agree to changes in the law of nations who do not mean to be bound by them.

## PART OF STAKES FOR FUND.

Lady Nelson, whose Ally Florer won the Grand National Steeplechase, has decided, it is stated, to give one-fourth of the stakes to one of the funds for soldiers and sailors. The value of the race to the winner is computed to be £3,515.



The men of the "bantam" battalion at Edinburgh are learning the art of jiu-jitsu. They are showing how they can get you completely in their power by twisting the arm. Their opponent is utterly helpless.



# BOMBS RAINED FROM SKY ON GERMAN AIRSHIP SHEDS NEAR OSTEND

**Belgian Airmen's Attack on Flying Huns' Camp at Ghisteltes.**

**BRITISH PILOT'S RAID ON STRASSBURG.**

**Berlin Reports That No Damage Was Done in 20 Minutes' Bombardment.**

**HUNS ADMIT DESTRUCTION OF HANGARS NEAR BRUSSELS.**

Airmen are beginning to play a more and more important part in the war.

The air scout is invaluable, and now the "air bombardier" is showing his real worth. German forces at several points in the long battle line from the sea to Switzerland have recently been harassed by the dashing tactics of the Allies' flying men.

Three raids by airmen were reported yesterday as follows:—

Belgians bombarded Ghisteltes. British pilot raided Strassburg. German Taube raided Calais.

Ghisteltes aviation camp, five miles inland from Ostend, contains many ship sheds, which were attacked during the recent British raid on Ostend.

Berlin reports that a British airman dropped five bombs on Strassburg without causing special damage, but admits that the German hangars at Berghen, near Brussels, have been destroyed by the Allied airmen.

**BELGIAN AIRMEN DROP BOMBS ON CAMP.**

**German Aviation Centre Attacked—300 Yards of Trenches Captured.**

PARIS, March 28.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

The Belgian aviators bombarded the aviation camp at Ghisteltes.

East of the heights of the Meuse, near Marcheville, we carried 300 yards of the enemy's trenches and repulsed two counter-attacks.

At the Eparges we continued our progress of the previous days and won 150 yards of trenches. —Routier.

**MANY PRISONERS TAKEN.**

PARIS, March 28.—The official French communiqué issued to-night says:—

There is nothing of importance to report on the whole of the front.

To the east of the heights of the Meuse, near Marcheville, we lost a portion of the German trench which we captured on Saturday.

At the Hartmannswillerkopf we have consolidated our positions.

The total number of prisoners taken by us in the course of the attack which made us masters of the summit is six officers, thirty-four non-commissioned officers and 353 rank and file. None of these were wounded. We took in addition many wounded prisoners. —Routier.

**BRITISH AIR RAID ON STRASSBURG.**

AMSTERDAM, March 28.—A Berlin report quotes a Strassburg telegram for the statement that yesterday a hostile airman, apparently British, appeared above the town and fortifications from the direction of Schleitstadt.

Günther failed to touch the airman, who was at a height of about 2,000 yards. He remained over Strassburg twenty minutes, and after dropping five bombs disappeared.

All the bombs fell on the Nicolas Boulevard, south-east of the city, without causing any special damage. —Central News.

According to a Central News Copenhagen message, Berlin admits that during the night of Thursday-Friday, Allied airmen destroyed the German hangars at Berghen, near Brussels.

**TAUBE'S BOMBS ON CALAIS.**

PARIS, March 28.—The Taube aeroplane which flew over Calais yesterday came from Belgium, following the coastline, and flew at a height of 2,000 yards to avoid the French guns.

It was 6.30 a.m. when the air raider arrived and the streets and open spaces in which his bombs fell were deserted. Nobody was injured. —Central News.

**14 BOMBS FROM AIRSHIP.**

PARIS, March 28.—M. Naudeau, writing to the Journal from Warsaw, states that the Germans are held in check along the whole front in Eastern Prussia and seem to be incapable of pursuing any definite strategic objective.

The forts at Ossowietz suffered very little from the enemy's projectiles.

A German airship dropped fourteen bombs on the town of Lomja, wounding some civilians. —Exchange.



The mounted band of the 1st Life Guards heads a recruiting march from Knights-bridge Barracks to Wandsworth.

## DEAD GERMAN AT FOOT OF THE CRUCIFIX.

**"Eye-Witness's" Pen Pictures of Ruined Village of Neuve Chapelle—Flowers on Graves of Fallen Heroes.**

"There is a large crucifix standing at the cross-roads at the north end of the village, and at the time our troops entered a dead German soldier was lying at its foot."

Such is one of the pen-pictures given by "Eye-Witness" in his description of Neuve Chapelle, which is "one huge rubbish heap."

It is almost impossible to distinguish the streets amongst the rubble and bricks which have been hurled across and obliterated them. In the churchyard the very dead have been uprooted, only to be buried again under masses which have fallen from the church, and crosses from the heads of the tombs lie scattered in all directions.

The sole thing in the cemetery that has escaped damage is a wooden crucifix still erect amid the medley of overturned graves.

Collected together at different points behind our line are the graves of many of our men. In places the dead have been buried where they fell, either singly or in little groups.

All the graves have been carefully made, a wooden cross having been erected over each, with the name and regiment of the dead marked on it, and many have been turfed and have had flowers placed on them.

## MUCH-TAKEN VILLAGE.

Neuve Chapelle, says "Eye-Witness," first came into prominence during our eastward advance to the north of La Bassée in October, 1914, when the Germans held it as one point in the series of rearguard positions they were taking up to delay our progress until their reinforcements should come up.

On the 16th of that month the British first entered the village. Next day they drove the Germans still farther back and pressed on to Herlies. The neighbourhood of La Pilly, some three and a half miles to the east of Neuve Chapelle, reached on October 19, however, represents the high-water mark of our advance in this quarter, for by the 21st some of the enemy's reinforcements had come up and their resistance had developed into offence.

Such was the weight which they applied that by the 22nd our troops were withdrawn to a line pass-

ing east of Neuve Chapelle, which was still in our possession.

On October 26 they drove back our troops on the east of the village and gained a portion of it.

"Eye-Witness" then tells of fierce fighting and how the Indians recaptured the greater part of the village on October 28, but were driven out by flanking fire, and how on November 2 the Germans drove us back a short distance to the position in which we remained until March 10.

The village which has now once again come into our possession was very much like any other in this part of Flanders, being an unimportant collection of houses and small farms scattered about a junction of country roads, with a church in its centre.

There is no doubt that in this neighbourhood the enemy's defences were inferior to ours.

Some of the officers' dug-outs were almost luxurious, being provided with beds and furniture taken from the neighbouring houses, oil lamps and glass windows with muslin curtains.

The officers' "DAIRY FARM." That the officers did not go in want of fresh milk was shown by the numerous carcasses of cows found both in the houses of Neuve Chapelle and near the trenches.

Looking eastwards from the village, our front trenches are seen at a few hundred yards' distance, while close beyond them again lies the German line.

Way to the right is the Bois du Biez. It was in this that the Germans massed for their repeated counter-attacks during the four days' fighting, and it was all along its western edge that they lost most heavily.

North of the northernmost houses of Neuve Chapelle, a line of breastworks which the British had built up in the morning of March 10.

It was here that our men gallantly faced the enemy's machine-guns again and again, but failed to force their way through the wire entanglements until another battalion, working round the flank of the Germans, drove them from their position and enabled us to make good the high road.

Mention has been made of the number of machine-guns placed in houses by the Germans; and from information received it is believed that they had as many as fifteen defending one section of their front some 250 yards long.

## HUNS INSULT BRITISH WOMEN IN BRUSSELS.

How British women have been treated by the Huns in Brussels was told last night when twenty-four British women and children, released from Belgium by the Germans, arrived in London.

All had been detained in Belgium since the beginning of the war, and were in high spirits to be home again.

A grim story of German brutality was told by Miss Ortony, of Durban, South Africa, who has been serving as a nurse in Belgium. She said:—

"I had to go out to the battlefield to tend the German and Belgian wounded."

"I have seen the dead and the badly wounded put into a hole together. One seriously wounded German said to another German, 'Don't bury me. I am not dead,' but the other simply replied, 'I dare not help you.'"

**SAW TWENTY BELGIANS SHOT.**

"We went through an awful time. We had to go to the military school to register ourselves."

One official was very rude, and I told him he was more like an escaped convict than an officer. He put me in prison for three hours."

"The Germans do just as they like," she added. "Notices are posted up in Brussels stating that all the British and Russian soldiers have been killed."

Miss Couch, who has lived in Brussels for

fourteen years, said the number of Germans in Brussels was becoming smaller and smaller.

The Belgians believed that the Germans would not remain much longer, and everybody was waiting for the Allies to enter the city.

Miss Guerin, of Tipperary, a housewife, stated that she overheard in a tramway-car a German officer telling some Germans that in two months' time they would not be in Brussels.

A terrible experience was described by Miss Cordelia Needham, of Durham, who was in Louvain during the bombardment and was arrested.

**"THE CLEANEST FLAG."**

"The Germans," she said, "made us lie down in the street and shot over our heads. I saw the Belgians running out of their houses. Twenty of them were shot. They were put up in a trench and in the first line fell they shot down the second line."

Miss C. E. Bond, a Lancashire woman, said that an officer in the passport office told her to take off a Union Jack badge, saying it was a dirty thing. "I refused," she said, "saying it was the cleanest flag in the world."

Another Englishwoman stated that when she was coming away the Germans told her they would meet her again in London. "On London Bridge," they added, "we will blow you sky high."

## SHELLED FOR 2 HOURS BY SUBMARINE.

**British Steamer Sunk After Bombardment—Chief Engineer Killed by Shrapnel.**

**WOMAN WOUNDED.**

A thrilling story of the sinking of the Liverpool steamer *Vosges* (1,235 tons), after being shelled for two hours by a German submarine off Trevose Head, West Cornwall, reached London last night.

It is stated that Chief Engineer Davies was killed, and two officers, two members of the crew and a woman passenger were injured by the pirate's shrapnel.

The *Vosges* sailed from Bordeaux on Thursday for Liverpool with a crew of twenty-five hands and seven passengers.

When off Trevose Head a German submarine was sighted and signalled to the *Vosges* to stop. Captain Green ignored the order and manoeuvred his vessel so that the submarine was astern and incapable of using torpedoes with any effect.

Then the submarine pirates used a gun with deadly effect, while the crew of the *Vosges* made great efforts to escape capture.

**FUNNEL SHOT THROUGH.**

All hands available were ordered below to assist in keeping up full steam, fifteen knots being maintained until the steamer's funnel was pierced by a shot from the enemy.

The submarine, apparently one of the latest type, was easily able to overhaul the *Vosges*, and the shells caused great damage.

One shot holed the steamer below the waterline, but the crew kept to their task until the chief engineer, while encouraging the stokers, was killed outright by a shell.

Deck fittings were torn to ribbons by shell fragments, and the bridge was riddled. Seeing that his ship was doomed, Captain Green fired rockets and ordered all hands to the boats.

Fortunately for the passengers and the crew the steamer's distress signals were observed by a patrol yacht, which immediately came to the rescue.

**WOMAN SHOT IN ANGLE.**

The submarine dived on seeing the yacht approaching the steamer and was not again seen. The pirates' last shot, however, gave the *Vosges* her final blow.

The shell ripped a big hole in the forepart and eventually caused the vessel to sink.

The crew, passengers and ship's papers were taken on board the yacht, as some of the wounded required medical attention. All speed was made for Newquay.

The chief engineer was killed instantaneously by a shrapnel shot in the breast and went down with the ship.

The woman passenger, Mme. Maton, a Belgian, received a shot in her ankle. Captain Green's hand was grazed by shrapnel fire. The submarine flew the German ensign, but no number was observed.

**LINER REPORTED ATTACKED.**

News was received last night that the West African mail steamer *Falaba* (4,300 tons) which left Liverpool on Saturday, was in distress off the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and that the passengers and crew were taking to the boats.

The *Falaba* is believed to have been attacked by a submarine.

Three Lloyd's telegrams speak of the movements of submarines. One, from Baltimore Island, reports that a submarine was seen off Cape Clear—the most southerly point of Ireland—yesterday.

Messages from Land's End and Queenstown state that the *Agulla* and *Dunedin* have been chased by submarines.

## RUSSIANS CUT UP THREE BATTALIONS.

**Tsar's Troops Capture Heights from Austrians on Front of 23 Miles.**

PERECOPOL, March 28.—A dispatch from Headquarters to-night says:—

In the region of the Rivers Sakwa and Omulef fighting developed for the possession of the German positions. During the day we captured more than 300 prisoners, including five officers, and two machine-guns.

In the Carpathians on Friday our offensive developed, especially in the direction of Bartfeld, where we captured a new line of heights in a front of about twenty-three miles.

In a bayonet fight for the possession of height No. 283, east of the village of Milmarecz, we destroyed three Austrian battalions.

Roxa, March 28.—A communiqué issued by the Russian Embassy states that the Austrians did not succeed in completely destroying any of the forts at Przemyśl. The inner forts are all intact.

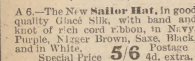
Out of 1,200 Austrian guns three-fourths are intact, including a number of 30.5 centimetre howitzers. —Central News.



## Bargains . . . . for Easter Wear



A4.—The Double French Lawn Front with new roll collar. Special Price 1/- Usual Price 1/6d.



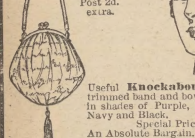
A6.—The New Sailor Hat, in good quality Guai silk, with band and knot of rich cord ribbon, in Navy, Purple, Nigger Brown, Sage Black, and in White. Special Price 5/6 4d. extra.



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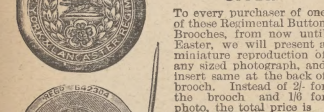
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# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1915.

## THE CHANGE.

AS THE CUSTOMARY piercing weather marks the coming in of an average English spring, we wonder a good deal over the strong conviction of optimism, revealed by the "lower" forms of creation, in March and early April. What intimation can possibly be given to the timid almond and the bulbs in the London Parks? What tempts them to come up and show themselves? They know it is spring and not winter; but they know, so to speak, against the evidence. No renewed warmth enlightens them. They have nothing but their conviction to support them. You may say: "it is a matter of habit. This scented snow of the spring flourishes now because just so, and in spite of just such difficulties, it has always flourished. A matter of habit and memory."

We prefer to think, however, that it is not only habit—not only the subterranean chemistry, working on long-prescribed plans now mechanised. We like to believe that the invariable coming-out, in spite of this traditional cold, is partly due to optimism amongst those "lower classes." We praise their invincible faith, their powers of looking ahead. We poor humans, unwarned by any chemistry of the earthy sort, would, without the lambs and bulbs and blossoms, dream that "spring will come no more"; and perhaps, for want of believers in it, it would indeed refrain. Instead, it is forced to come, after many weeks of bleak days. The blossoms make it ashamed of itself.

And these forerunners, of those slain by the wind, are a natural type of those of our human kind whose faith helps them to die at the same moment. They foresee a reward—for others. A changed world, they dream as they die, will result from their endeavour. "No man," writes the Archbishop of Canterbury in a fine letter published on Saturday, "no man among us all can come out of this great war unaffected by it for good or ill." After these winds, then, morally a new world is waiting.

Shall we announce scepticism? Shall we demand evidence? Shall we question this dream that great wars uplift a world that has always made them? Shall we ask how it is, if war makes men better, that men are not very much better than they are, since war has, since the beginning, been humanity's main occupation? No: these thoughts of doubt are part of the March cold. We will say, instead, that all men here at home, anxious watchers and waiting people, must believe in that changed world after the war, for, without such belief, the actual spectacle would be unendurable. In spite of disbelief, we believe. We believe in spite of these deaths of our best youth, just as, in spite of winds underground, in seemingly hopeless darkness, comes to the "lower classes" that faith in a far off spring, for which apparently so little evidence is given them in change of light or temperature. W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 28.—It is not generally known that strong-growing perennials—such as phloxes, delphiniums and Michaelmas daisies—will produce much finer flowers if now relieved of some of their shoots. For example, a good clump of phlox may now have a dozen shoots appearing and if these are reduced to six splendid trusses of bloom will be obtained next August.

Another reason for doing this is that the growths can be more easily supported. If the time can be spared, each shoot should be secured to a neat stake.

When perennials are being divided only plant the strong outside pieces; the worn-out centre can be thrown away. E. F. T.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### "GOING AWAY FOR EASTER."

I AM on a so-called holiday at present in exactly the conditions described in your article. I am sitting by the fireside in an inn. I often wonder why I do it. I suppose I do it because my holiday has to be taken at Easter. It is a pity, because Easter is the worst time in the whole year. And March is the worst month. W. E.

### WINDOWS OPEN.

YOUR Canadian correspondent, "C.," whose letter appeared on the 25th, cannot have closely examined the hot air system of heating installed in many Canadian homes. From his letter one is lead to believe that the cold air is

"C." says that he has had bronchitis ever since he came to England? Did he never have it in Canada? W. H. T.

YOUR Canadian correspondent "C." calls attention, in his interesting letter, to a certain method of heating by hot air, which ensures that the air shall be always pure.

That, in very truth, is a method as perfect as one could wish for; and, if it were universally adopted in this country, as well as in America, not a few doctors would find an appreciable decrease in their receipts due directly to the consequent lessening of colds and coughs.

I myself love to be out in storms of snow and hail, and to hear the music, and feel against my face the pressure of the wild winds; yet I do

## WHAT THE WILLIES NOW SAY ABOUT THE WAR.



HOW AND BY WHOM THEY HAVE BEEN DRIVEN INTO WAR



That Britain began it, and that John Bull forced the poor dear, peaceful Willies into it, at the point of pistol and sword. The swaggering and bullying vein in them daily gives way to the blubbering and whining pose.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

drawn from the outside, whereas nearly always the cold air register is within the house. The air getting cooled in the upper part of the house sinks and re-enters the cold air register. Thus there is a continual circular current of vitiated air.

When coal is used in the furnace, should the furnace be checked before the gas is burned off, if the pipes do not fit well the air in the house becomes further vitiated by coal gas, which is extremely bad for the health, needless to say. Then again the air gets terribly dry, in spite of the fact that there is nearly always an evaporator attached to the furnace.

Usually the air in a Canadian house is about as dry as that in the Sahara Desert.

Fortunately, windows and doors cannot be made to fit so well that they admit no fresh air through the joints, though many people endeavour to minimise even this accidental ventilation for fear of "heating the outside."

The hot air system is by no means ideal. Much better than it is the hot water system. If I had lots of money I'd have a hot water system, but I'd have a fireplace in one room, any way, because a grate fire looks so cheery, and that is about all you can say for it.

not, as your correspondent says, imagine that, unless I can have doors and windows open and "see" the great gusts blowing through the rooms, the home is stuffy and poorly ventilated. On the contrary, I have always regarded those who have their windows open in all kinds of weather and under all circumstances, as wanting in wisdom, to say the least. In a climate like ours there is a time to open windows and a time to shut them. WALTER CARTER.

### POETRY FOR THE MILLION.

YOUR daily "Thought" having received its due from your correspondent, will you permit me to voice the appreciation by a huge circle of your readers of your efforts to bring poetry into our own lives?

I am convinced that the daily setting apart of a corner for the use of the muses will do more to bring to light the neglected beauties of our English poets than could any other procedure. You verily bring poetry to the million, and the popularity of the little daily feature proves that the million like it.

Thanks and best wishes from

ONE OF THE MILLION.

## CHANGED IDEALS.

### New Points of View About Marriage and Children Since the War Began.

#### FOR THE NEXT WAR?

I AM in strong agreement with your correspondent, "A. B.," who objects to the demand that women shall hasten to provide more and more babies in anticipation of another grand holocaust of human beings in twenty years' time. Rather let us hasten to preach to women the wide world o'er that they should be moderate in this output of human life.

While human material is plentiful, and more than plentiful, the Krupps and the Kaisers can use the excess for their own aggrandisement and toward the destruction of humanitarian civilisation throughout the globe.

By all means let us take the very best care, both physically and morally, of all our babies and young children in order that they may become good and efficient citizens in the time to come, but do not let us reduce their chances to nil by creating an excess of newcomers further to diminish the insufficient share of the necessities of life of those who already exist. V. A.

#### WIDOW OR OLD MAID?

IF IT is for the happiness of some of our brave soldiers and sailors to get married before leaving for active service, I should say "let them marry by all means," if they really love each other.

Why should they lose even one of the golden moments which may so soon come to an end for ever? They will at least have the joy of knowing they belong to each other, if only for a little while.

Is it not better to be left the widow of a hero than to be an old maid? Surely a happily married man will have as much courage to face the foe as a single man! Folkestone. A GIRL.

#### WHEN THEY MEET.

I HAVE followed with great interest the discussion between your readers on the problem of "Marriage and War." I do think that just now a wife or fiancée must be an inspiration to a man. I agree with "Sub Mare's" views on this subject.

Naval men, particularly submarine, must be the bravest of our brave men, and when they are on leave they certainly deserve (to quote "Sub Mare") all the happiness which a good wife may bring them.

The idea for a naval man is to find the right girl to be a help to him, for she and her husband must be so rarely together. I would imagine that, hard as it must be when they are apart, they must the more greatly value the hours when they meet. I should say that it must then afford the women the greatest happiness to give and do all she could for her husband, and when they are apart to write him cheering and encouraging letters. Beaconsfield-terrace-road, W.

#### IN TIME OF CHANGE.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced The rich proud coat of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers and well-wat'ring fountains Echo their dirge; When I have seen the hungry ocean gain Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, And the firm soil win of the watery main; Increasing store with loss, and loss with store; When I have seen such interchange of state, Or state itself confounded to decay; Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate, That time will come and take me away. This thought is as a death, which cannot choose But weep to have that which it fears to lose. —WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A cheerful and glad spirit attains to perfection much more readily than a melancholy spirit.—S. Philip Neri.



# "PAST" AND "PRESENT" COME TO GRIPS.

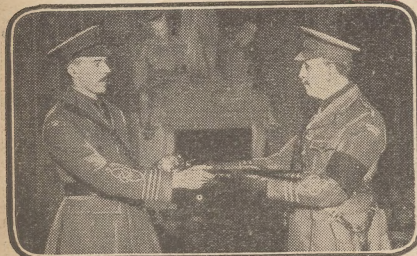
Sept 23 C.



When "past" and "present" meet there is sure to be an exciting game, and the hockey match between the pupils and the old girls of the Ellericker College at Richmond on Saturday was no exception to the rule. The picture shows a fierce struggle for possession.

## PRESENTED WITH SWORD.

P. 14162



Commandant Ernest Phillips being presented with a sword in recognition of his work for the City of London Volunteer Corps.

## SPEED CURE FOR WOUNDS.

G. 11914 R.



Now that the weather is becoming brighter, the wounded soldiers look forward to their motor-car drives. The picture was taken in Edinburgh.

## NOVEL CONVEYANCE: INVALID CHAIR USED AS TRAILER.

G. 11914 R.



Wounded soldiers now being treated at the Red Cross Hospital, Littlehampton, are, owing to the shortage of carriages, frequently taken out for drives in invalid chairs drawn by donkeys. The picture shows an ingenious scheme thought out by a "Tommy," who has converted a second chair into a trailer. Only one donkey is therefore required instead of two. The men are helped towards recovery by the town's sea breezes and health-giving air.

# CHILDREN BORNE TO THE



Six little coffins containing the remains of six children were carried by the youngsters, doing their duty at the front, and the youngsters had been sent home on a voyage, and in each

## K.C.B. DEAD.

P. 2945



Colonel Sir A. P. Somerset, K.C.B., has died. His father was at Waterloo.

## AMERICA'S R



Little John Jacob Astor, whose father is "snapped" while in a New York prison, is fully guarded for fear he will

## WEDDING.

P. 14091



Miss Lilian Warner, who is to be married to Mr. Chapman, (Lafayette.)

## RED CROSS TOO GOOD FOR ART

Sept. 1111



Rugby enthusiasts have had to practice self-denial this winter between the Royal Army Medical Corps (Crookham) and the H. The picture shows a try for the win



# RAVE BY SOLDIERS.

8-11901 A



aves by Red Cross men at Bristol. Their fathers are with their mothers. They contracted fever during the al results.

## CHILD.

P. 2318



life in the Titanic disaster, richest child is always care- harmed in some way.

## RUGBY MATCH AT RICHMOND.

965-611



went to Richmond on Saturday saw a rousing game bety Company. The latter, however, were badly beaten. rner flag and a good tackle.

# SIR H. TREE REVIVING "OLIVER TWIST."

P. 12605



Dickens is still to hold the boards at His Majesty's Theatre, but at Easter "David Copperfield" is to retire in favour of "Oliver Twist." The picture shows Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Lyn Harding in their original parts of Fagin and Bill Sikes. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## PRINCESS VISITS CAMP.

99971 2



Princess Alexander of Teck walking with General Fry at Crowborough Camp, where she opened a soldier's club and visited their huts.

## FLEET STREET'S BRIGADE.

P. 17162



The Pressmen's section of the Athletes' Volunteer Force drops the pen for the rifle, and is inspected by Colonel Dundonald Cochrane, C.B.

## ENTHUSIASTIC "SEND OFF" FOR CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

8-6180



Canada will continue to send troops to fight for the Empire until final victory is achieved. Like the Mother country, the Dominion is raising an army on the voluntary principle, and there has been a splendid response to the call to arms. The picture shows men leaving an inland town to embark, their friends giving them a magnificent send off, whilst at every station large crowds gathered to wave farewell.



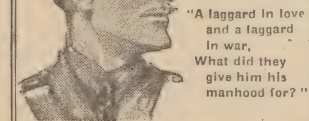




# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERRIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an arm-chair, Richard cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him."

"He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. D-d they think he was afraid to go? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy laggard with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine is not so easily in the light. Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Individually they set out to win Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in taxicab. The man is Richard, and he looks at her—this is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. Montague he is wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly. He is going to the front as soon as possible.

Montague also sees his friend with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells Sonia sneeringly. More hurt than she will admit, she tells Montague that she will marry him when ever he likes.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton and says that he is only molly-coddling a cold. "That's a lie," says young Courtney—a friend of Chatterton's—fiercely. Chatterton was invalided home from the front, and you know it."

A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she burns to retaliate the truth. The next day she nearly runs into Chatterton. He sees her, but does not stop. It is brought home more and more to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

## "I MUST SEE HIM."

SONIA'S fingers tightened a little on old Jardine's hand, as if for support. There was a little silence in the room, then she spoke—rather breathlessly and hesitatingly.

"Going back to France! Isn't it rather soon. . . . Thank you for telling me. . . . I hope he will come back safely. . . ."

She spoke expressively, almost as if she were talking in her sleep. Lady Merriam turned sharply away; old Jardine moved his lips as if to speak, then closed them again with a sort of snap; someone tapped on the door; a servant admitted Montague.

The smile on his face faded when he saw who was there; he nodded rather curtly to old Jardine; his eyes went anxiously to Sonia; she had not moved a step to greet him; one would almost have said that she was unconscious of his presence.

Old Jardine moved to the door; he was still wearing his overcoat. He muttered something about it being late, and he was off. Lady Merriam followed him out on to the landing; Montague and Sonia were left alone.

Montague pushed the door to impatiently and came back to where she stood.

"What is the matter with you? What was the family council about? And why aren't you ready? I thought you were going back to Burvale to-night."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"We were, but Lady Merriam changed her mind. She wants to stay a few days longer."

She did not look at him as she spoke; the fingers he took lay limp and cold in his clasp. He searched her face with jealous eyes.

"What have you been doing all day? It has seemed endless without you. I nearly came round this afternoon, in spite of what you said."

"I went out; I went for a ride on a 'bus.'"

His voice sounded apathetic. Montague laughed.

"It's another day gone, anyway, sweetheart," he said softly. "I am beginning to count them; each one that passes brings our wedding day nearer."

"Each day brings our wedding day nearer. . . . She echoed his words impassively, almost as if she were saying them to hear how they sounded.

Something in her quiet voice inflamed him. He caught her in his arms, bending her head back against his shoulder. He kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair; she struggled against him, but he held her fast, and then in a flash of incongruity she remembered her dream.

His hands, his hands of iron held her—Montague's hands—keeping her back from going to Richard's side. . . .

She tore herself free of him.

"Let me go—let me go!"

She ran from the room and down the corridor. Lady Merriam was at the head of the staircase, talking to old Jardine; they did not see her.

Sonia dashed on to her own room; she caught up the hat and coat she had thrown off when she came in; she put them on with trembling fingers; she kicked off the little velvet slippers and hurriedly found her walking shoes. It seemed hardly a moment before she was at the head of the staircase.

Lady Merriam was turning away, old Jardine was halfway down. Sonia called to him.

"Wait for me—oh, please, wait for me. . . ."

Lady Merriam screamed.

"Sonia—you must be mad! Come back at once. . . ."

But Sonia took no notice; she had caught up with old Jardine; she was laughing and crying, and clinging to his arm.

"Take me with you! I know you are going to see him. I want to come, too; I must say good-bye to him—I must speak to him—even if it's only one word. . . ."

"But, my dear. . . ."

"You said you thought I ought to be told; and what was the use of telling me if you won't let me see him?"

Old Jardine expostulated all the way down the stairs.

"He'll never forgive me for having told you; I'm a muddling old fool. . . . You'll never be able to find him in the crowd; there are hundreds of them going to-night from Waterloo."

Let me take you back to Lady Merriam; it's all my fault—I never can hold my tongue."

He was really alarmed at the turn affairs had taken, but Sonia would not listen; Richard was going—that was all she knew or cared, and he might never come back!

The full horror of the war had her in his grip. What did it matter if Richard no longer wanted her? How could one hold fast to so petty a thing as pride when Death, the greatest factor in all the world, had already cast the shadow of its dark wings about them both?

Just to his pardon—just to hear him say that he forgave her; that was all she wanted, so she told herself; and that she would have.

Old Jardine sent for a taxicab; he was red in the face with perturbation; he kept his eyes rigidly averted from Sonia.

He offered one last protest.

"Montague!"

She dismissed him with a little movement of her head.

"Lady Merriam will explain to him—" She was smiling, though there were tears in her eyes. She felt as if she had just struggled through a bad dream and awakened to find herself in the sunshine, with fresh air blowing in her face.

It was a miserable night—raining fast. The streets seemed even darker than usual. She sat very close to old Jardine, and she drew up to him. Now and then she asked him a breathless question. . . .

"How did you know he was going?"

"He rushed round to my rooms at five o'clock. But just his order—He said he was quite fit, but he doesn't look it."

"I saw him this afternoon. . . ."

"You saw him—to speak to?"

"No. . . . I have a memory of that moment was like a cold hand laid on her beating heart, but she resolutely threw it off. She spoke again.

"Do you think he will forgive me? I ought not to have judged him. . . ."

"There has never been anything to forgive as far as he is concerned," said old Jardine quickly. "He has never blamed you."

She sat silent for a moment, then—

"Do you think we shall be in time? When does the train go?"

"He said eight o'clock; but it is sure to be a little late."

He bent forward and stared at his watch by the measure light overhead. "It's only twenty minutes to now. . . ."

He broke off peering through the window. "Confound the fellow! Which way is he taking us. . . .?"

He let just his head and shoulders with a run and, thrusting his head out, shouted to the driver. The man shouted something in reply; old Jardine drew in his head again and jerked up the window.

"Say the road's up," he grumbled. "The roads are always up in London—dashed bad arrangement!"

This way is half a mile further round."

Sonia clasped her hands in her lap. Supposing they were not in time? Supposing, after all, she did not see him? She had not as yet analysed her feelings; she believed that this rush across darkened London was prompted by a selfish desire to ask Chatterton's pardon—to make peace with herself. As yet she did not understand that it was because she still loved him—because she had always loved him.

Perhaps old Jardine knew; perhaps that was why, in his heart, he was wondering if it would not be the best thing for Sonia, after all, if they were too late. . . .

It was five minutes to eight when the taxi slowly threaded its way into the yard at Waterloo. It seemed to Sonia as if it were thronged with people and vehicles. Old Jardine let down the window again and shouted to the driver.

"The other side—go round to the other side!"

His voice came back, hoarsely disagreeable.

"We can't get round, sir; there's soldiers going off and the crowd's something awful!"

Sonia laid her hand on old Jardine's arm.

"Let us get out and walk; we shall miss him if we wait."

In another moment they were threading their way through the crowd.

## TOO LATE.

SOMEWHERE in the distance was the sound of a band and much cheering; old Jardine looked at the girl doubtfully.

"Let me take you back, my dear; it's sure to be a most harrowing scene—I've been here before; let me take you back. . . ."

Sonia shook her head; she could not trust her voice to speak, but her hand tightened on his arm.

The noise and clamour confused her; as they left the station yard and entered the hall it seemed to her that everybody in the world must be crowded into that small space; a thousand voices talked at once; many, almost every other man seemed to be in khaki. . . .

Old Jardine buttonholed a heated porter and asked from which platform the troop train was coming; but the porter was deaf, and it was impossible to make him understand. Old Jardine lost his temper; the minutes were flying, and now all at once he had changed his view of the whole thing, and felt as if he must strain every nerve to bring Sonia and Richard Chatterton face to face.

A dozen questions brought them no nearer their goal; it was past eight, and still the crowd showed no signs of decreasing. Still the men in khaki came and went, surrounded by their friends, some with weeping women clinging to them, some cracking jokes with brothers or men who had worked side by side with them in a City office a few short months ago.

"We shall never find him," said Sonia.

She had not spoken for some minutes, but there was something very pathetic about her pale face beneath the shadow of her hat.

"We will find him," said old Jardine stoutly. They had reached a part of the crowded hall where there were comparatively few people; he put her with her back to the wall.

"If you could stay here a moment, my dear, I think I could find out more quickly by myself. . . ."

He went away, and Sonia was left alone. She had never seen anything like this before; she had often read of the faraway scenes at the different stations as portrayed by the picturesque pen of a newspaper man or lady journalist, but somehow she had never imagined that it was so real. She realised the vivid reality of it all; never dreamed how its finality came home to one; never properly understood the thrill of mingled pride and anguish that every woman in that crowd must be experiencing.

A woman in black, with grey hair and a flushed, tearful face, was explaining with heart-broken eloquence to a little knot of sympathisers that she had already lost one son, and that she supposed this was the last she would ever see of the other.

"Been apprenticed to the wall paperin', 'e 'as, for the last eight months, and getting along so nice till this war broke out. I begged 'im on me knees not to go, but he would; and there! I don't suppose I'd 'ave thought anything of 'im, if 'e hadn't. . . ."

Sonia listened with a sort of heart-sickness; the illiterate words so nearly echoed what she herself had always thought with regard to

(Continued on page 13.)

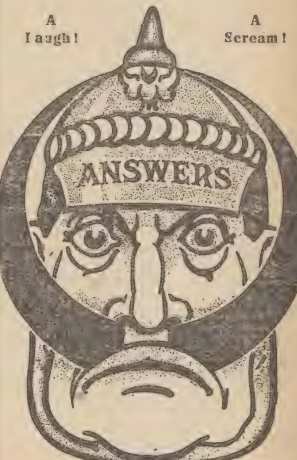
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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## The English Spring.

Shivering men and women I met during the week-end muttered most uncomplimentary things to me about our English spring—and who could blame them? A couple of days like Saturday and Sunday would have been voted most reasonable at Christmas time, but now, with the flowers budding and the year nearly three months old, this bitter weather is—well, an outrage.

## Boat-Race Weather.

We never grow used to our real spring weather, we English. We always imagine it to be the thing invented by poets and other unpractical people. As a man said to me in the Park on Saturday: "What real boat-race weather!" It was. It was just the same kind of weather we have had at this time of year as far back as the oldest of us can remember.

## It Might Have Been.

But let us try to forget the weather. That chance remark about the boat race reminded me that in other times your papers would have been full at this morning with "The Battle of the Blues." Saturday should have been boat race day.

## Not Since Crimean Days.

You have to go back sixty years to find the last break in the long sequence of Oxford and Cambridge boat races. Since 1856 the race had been an annual event, but in 1855 there was a miss. And it was in that year we were in the midst of a great war—the Crimean—so the omission is not without precedent.

## These East Winds.

But I can't forget the weather altogether. I remember that I am bound by promise to give you all a "tip." It comes from one of our busiest doctors whom I ran up against in one of Saturday's snow flurries. The "tip" is—it would cost you a guinea fee had you sought it in the conventional way—while the present north-east winds last eat lots of fat for breakfast, wear a heavy overcoat, and don't believe in the sun or the thermometer.

## Said I Deserved It.

I was shivering when I met him. He grinned—grinned is the only word—at me from the opulent depths of a voluminous fur coat. "You deserve to be cold," he murmured cheerily. "From time immemorial this country has talked of the dangers of east winds, but it never dresses or diets for them."

## Good Advice.

"Go back and tell your readers to look at the weather vane, not the thermometer," said my doctor friend. "When it points east, tell them to eat fat and warming foods, wear heavy overcoats, so that they get additional warmth when they need it—out of doors. And tell them that ankles feel the cold just as much as any other part of the body. Women will never learn that." And he departed.

## A Quiet Week.

But having thoroughly discussed the east winds, let us look ahead to brighter times. The coming week is going to be a quiet one, as becomes Holy Week. In the theatre world there is the revival of "A Royal Divorce" on Thursday at the Lyceum, and on Saturday night three new shows, two revivals and the Little Theatre's new play, "The Blow."

## Revivals.

The revivals are that old favourite "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane, and that melodious comic opera of Messager's "Veronique" at the Adelphi.



Miss Elise Craven.

misses ago. Talking of Miss Craven reminds me of another play in which she charmed London—"Jellicoe and the Fairy"—that was five years ago, but it might be topical to revive it now.

## Elise Craven.

Little Miss Elise Craven is playing Denise in "Veronique." I call her little Miss Craven, but she is growing up very quickly. But it seems such a little while ago that she was the discovery of the year and drawing all London to see her dance in "Pinkie and the Fairies" at His Majesty's six Christ-

## Major Langhorne's Recall.

There is a lot of comment in the Service clubs about Major Langhorne's recall from the United States Embassy in Berlin to Washington. The tactful Hun, you know, has been sending wireless messages for the whole world to read in Major Langhorne's name—the Major was America's military attaché—and the United States Government wants to know all about it.

## The Gibson Girls.

Major Langhorne is a brother of three famous Virginia beauties. One of his sisters is Mrs. Dana Gibson, another Mrs. Waldorf Astor, and both have been credited popularly



Mrs. Waldorf Astor.

with being the originals of the famous Dana Gibson type of girl, but I think the credit must go to Mrs. Gibson, although perhaps the "Langhorne type" may be found in all his "girl" pictures.

## Owens the Sancy Diamond.

Mrs. Astor has a very lovely home at Cliveden, up the river, which she has now given up for hospital purposes. She is the much-envied owner of the famous Sancy diamond, a jewel very nearly as big as the Koh-i-noor, which has a history going back into the dark ages. In more recent times Queen Elizabeth wore the stone.

## A Society-Stage Secret Out.

So the secret is out—it came out in the Sunday Pictorial yesterday—and Miss Marjorie Deane, the very charming actress who plays with Miss Viola Tree in "Dinner for Eight," is really the Hon. Mrs. Walter Trefusis, the daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Margaret Graham, of Royal Court, Palace of Westminster. She is the wife of Major the Hon. Walter Trefusis, the late Lord Clinton's son, and he, I am told, is at present among the interned in Holland.

## Discovered by Miss Viola Tree.

What a capture for Miss Tree, who is herself producing "Dinner for Eight." She is very enthusiastic about her "society find," and told me yesterday that she was very delighted with Miss Deane.

## Danced Together When Children.

"She was just the type I wanted, and an old friend into the bargain," added Miss Tree. "For when she was Marjorie Graham and not more than four years old she used to attend with me the dancing classes for children which used to be conducted by the famous Mrs. Wordsworth at Dorchester House."

## Choir Boy's Romance.

Writing of "Miss Marjorie Deane" reminds me of the romantic engagement and wedding of her elder sister, who used to be Miss Elsie Graham. Sir Henry and Lady Margaret Graham used to take their daughters on Sundays to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, which some ten or fifteen years ago was famous for its wonderful choir. The solo boy at the time was Harold Knolly.

## Ten Years' Wait.

Miss Elsie Graham, a musician of considerable taste and talent, was so impressed by his beautiful voice that she found an opportunity of making the little soloist's acquaintance. The acquaintanceship ripened into boy and girl love, and an understanding was established between the two young people. They had, of course, long years to wait, but their youthful affection was proof against all difficulties, and the couple were married some ten years after their first meeting.

## City of Many Uniforms.

"British officers are frequently seen in the Paris streets, and there is a good deal of khaki about," my Gossip writes. "One also rubs shoulders on the boulevards with the smoke-black uniforms of the Belgians, the red shirts of the Garibaldians and many other coloured stuffs worn by officers of different nationalities. But the favourite shade is the "horizon-blue" wisely adopted by the French War Office in place of the conspicuous and dangerous red which formed such an easy target for German rifles.

## Horizon-Blue.

"Horizon-blue is not only a pretty shade: it is a very practical colour for a soldier in the field, for it is what its name implies—almost invisible against the horizon."

## Plovers' Eggs Arrive.

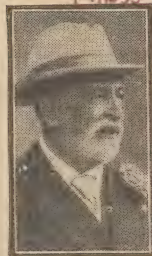
Another milestone in the march towards summer has been passed. The first plover's egg has arrived. A reader who lives near Winchester wrote me on Saturday to announce that the first egg was found on the estate of the Winchester Game Farm on Friday, and dispatched—according to custom—to the King.

## Golden or Green?

So the gourmet may now be happy, for in a few days plovers' eggs should be plentiful. And, by the way, how many people who enjoy those rich dainties know the bird from which they are supposed to come. I say supposed, for the true plover's egg is the golden plover's. Many of the eggs, however, are green plover or lapwing eggs. But only the epicure knows the difference.

## Lord Rothschild III.

Lord Rothschild has just undergone a serious operation, and I am glad to see he has passed through the ordeal very well. His condition is now stated to be quite satisfactory. One of the greatest and most powerful financiers of the world, Lord Rothschild is perhaps best known to Londoners as the "busmen's friend"—a reputation which he has gained by his annual bounties of pheasants and other good things to the drivers and conductors of London's public vehicles.



Lord Rothschild.

over a hundred years. The founder of the family fortunes was Mayer Amstel Rothschild, a most remarkable man, who was born in 1743, the son of a curiosity dealer in the Jewish quarter of Frankfurt.

## Works Hard Still.

When he is fit and well, Lord Rothschild still goes down to his offices in the City with the punctuality and regularity of a hundred-a-year clerk—the loans of his firm, by the way, issued since 1879 amounting to considerably over £450,000,000. A great philanthropist, Lord Rothschild has a special staff for dealing with various charitable concerns. In private life he likes nothing better than to pass the time at Tring Hall, Buckinghamshire, where, by the way, he has one of the most interesting collections of valuable wild animals in the country.

## Resisted.

The Censor is not always as black as he is painted. Witness a letter from a Staffordshire correspondent. A friend in the trenches sent her a snowdrop he had found growing in the firing line, and in his letter wrote:—"I hope the Censor will not take a fancy to it." When the letter arrived it bore this addition in the Censor's handwriting:—"Sorely tempted by the snowdrop, but resisted."

## Brains Gone with the Brawn.

Oxford's brains as well as her brawn seem to have gone to the front with her Blues and athletes. I see it has just been announced that the judges are unable to award the Lothian Prize at Oxford this year, no essay of sufficient merit having been sent in.

THE RAMBLER.



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One difficulty with the Berlin bread card scheme, says an American Consular report, is the treatment of charwomen, who are employed in a given household for only an hour or two daily. Such persons must either bring their bread or their bread cards with them.

## (Continued from page 11.)

Chien-Chieh, Senior

In the air raid at Hoboken, it is reported, says Reuter, that a new submarine was split into two pieces and another was seriously damaged, while the number of workmen injured was more than 300.

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

24 Buns for 1/-

**The SURE raising powder**  
makes them deliciously light  
and very digestible. using  
this recipe —

RECIPE

Rub 4 ozs. butter into 1 lb. flour, add 2 ozs. currants, 4 ozs. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt, 2 ozs "Paisley Flour", a little cinnamon and mace, and mix well. Beat up 1 egg and add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk to it. Mix this into other ingredients, make a moderately firm dough and form into balls. Roll out some paste thin cut out crosses and put on top, and lay on greased baking sheet. Brush over with milk or egg and dust with sugar. Bake in quick oven for 15 minutes.

"Paisley Flour" is  
made by Brown &  
Polson, 7d., 3½d.,  
and 1d. packets.



## FREE SHOES!



Having purchased a Manufacture Stock, we have 1,000 Extra Ladies' Patent Gilt on Men to offer. These shoes are very Latest Style, with Curly Heels, Large Eyelets and a pair of Gibson Ties with each pair. We have decided to actually cut them at 3 for a pair, or 3 pairs for \$6. Money returned immediately if not perfectly satisfied. State size required, and persons to whom

Introduce a customer  
receive a Warm Pair of House Shoes **FREE** (postage & packing paid)  
**THE IMPERIAL BOOT CO.,** De  
NT. JOHN'S AVENUE, LEICESTER.

# RINGWORM ON HEAD HAIR CAME OUT

Got Worse. Spread Over All One Side of Head.  
Used Cuticura. Head Healed in Six Weeks.

14, Oatland Rise, Walthamstow, Essex, Eng.  
—"My oldest girl, aged twelve, developed a ringworm at the top of her head, and in spite



.....V..... mation became less, the hair stopped falling and the irritation ceased. I continued and in six weeks her head was perfectly healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. Tilling, July 14, 1914

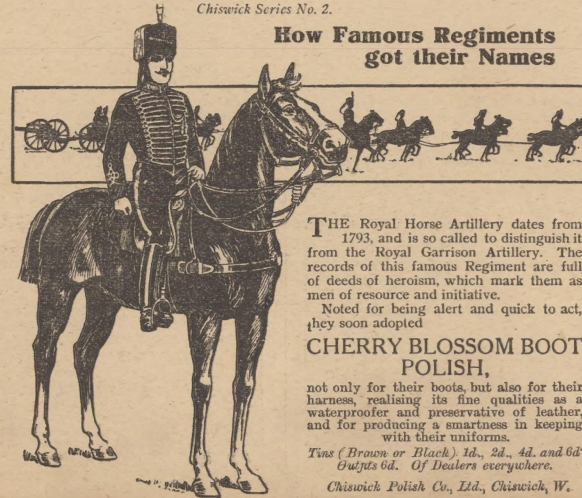
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With 32p. Skin Book. Address postcard F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-square, London. Sold throughout the world.

## 'Hairs Never Return'



really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to **THE EJECTHAIR CO.,** Dept. D.M., 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.





## FAMOUS LIGHTS FOR WELLS-MORAN BOUT.

"Daily Mirror's" Exclusive Pictures of To-night's Great Contest.

### WELLS'S NEW TRAINING.

What should prove quite the most interesting boxing match of the season, at any rate so far as the heavy-weights are concerned, takes place to-night at the London Opera House between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran.

In this respect it is worthy of mention that *The Daily Mirror* has secured the picture rights of the contest, and the photographs will appear exclusively in *The Daily Mirror*. The famous lights used for so many big contests will once again be utilised, so that good photographs are assured.

There are many things which tend to make this match memorable. Wells states that he is training in quite a different way, and he says he is fitter than he has been before. That may be an idea, and it may be the truth; Wells thinks it is the truth.

Moran has put up a longer period of training than ever before. He resists that after his twenty rounds with Johnson, which has been called a fluke and even worse names, a victory over Wells would send his reputation up a lot.

In Wells's case it is even more imperative that he should win if he is going on with his boxing career, and big, strong, capable, confident man as Moran undoubtedly is, I think he will be beaten by the English heavy-weight champion.

If I were writing this article on the eve of a match with Carpenter I should still say that I expected Wells to win. He certainly ought to do so if boxing counts for anything and if physical advantage is worth a rap.

#### NOT LOOKED BACK.

Perhaps the very uncertainty of how he will shape is just one of the most interesting features of Wells's boxing.

He rarely or never fights twice alike, and just when you think he is on the top of his form he will suddenly crumple up, as he did with Carpenter.

But since that contest Wells has not looked back, and perhaps it did him good.

Moran was bound to be a great draw directly the match was fixed.

Thousands of people want to see what manner of man it was who stood up to Jack Johnson for twenty rounds and was only beaten on points.

Just one word. Wells does not now believe he has a weak spot. He never really had one, but he was almost persuaded that he had, and in some of his contests his efforts to keep his opponent's glove out of the solar plexus were ludicrous and pathetic.

Wells's best defence is a vigorous attack.

I fancy we shall see him piling on the work to-night. It should be a really good contest to watch. Many women have signified their intention of being present at the Opera House to-night.

P. J. MOSS.

### SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

F.A. CUP—Semi-finals.—At Birmingham: Chelsea 2, Everton 0. At Blackburn: Sheffield United 2, Bolton Wanderers 0.

THE LEAGUE.—Division I.—Manchester United (h) 1, Tottenham (h) 1; Oldham (h) 1, Newcastle 0; Sheffield Wednesday (h) 0, West Bromwich 0; Bradford 0, 2, Middlesbrough 0.

THE LEAGUE.—Division II.—Huddersfield 3, Arsenal (h) 0; Clifton (h) 1, Bristol City 0; Derby County (h) 1, Grimsby Town 1; Fulham (h) 1, Leicester Fosse 0; Leeds City (h) 2, 1; Plymouth Argyle 0, Southampton 0; Stockport County (h) 1, Notts Forest 0; Wolverhampton (h) 0, Barnsley 1; Preston N.E. 1, Hull City (h) 0; Blackpool 3, Glossop (h) 1.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Reading (h) 1, Gillingham 0; Croydon Common (h) 1, Brighton 0; Cardiff 1, Bristol Rovers (h) 0; Millwall (h) 2, Exeter 1; Swindon (h) 5, Crystal Palace 2; Watford (h) 2, Plymouth Argyle 0; Southampton 0, 2, Norwich City 0; Northampton (h) 1, West Ham 1; Portsmouth 2, Southend (h) 0; Luton 3, Q. P. Rangers (h) 0.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division II.—Brentford (h) 3, Mid-Rhonda 1; Coventry City (h) 1, Llanelli 0; Stalybridge Celtic (h) 2, Swansea Town 1.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Glasgow Rangers (h) 1, Aberdeen 1; Airdrieonians (h) 0, Partick 0; Ayr United (h) 1, Hamilton 0; Celtic (h) 3, Raith Rovers 1; Heart of Midlothian (h) 2, Clyde 0; Falkirk (h) 0, Hibernians 0; Kilmaronock (h) 2, Third Lanark 1; Greenock 2, Queen's Park (h) 0; St. Mirren 2, Motherwell (h) 0.

IRISH CUP FINAL.—Lifford Celtic 0, Belfast Celtic 0.

RUGBY CLUB MATCHES.—F.A.M.C. (Aldershot) 18pts., H.A.C. 0. (At Richmond.) Bank of England (h) 0, Sportsman's Battalion 0; Leicester (h) 5, Barbarians 3.

#### SELECTIONS FOR NOTTINGHAM.

2. 0.—Colwick Plate—WAMBA II.
2. 30.—Little John Plate—COMEDIENNE.
2. 0.—Trent Plate—L.E. DOUGLASS.
3. 30.—Soring Handicap—BOOTS or CARANCHO.
4. 0.—Rufford Abbey Plate—REDGATE.
4. 30.—Clifton Plate—PROVIDER.

#### Double Event fr. To-Day.

\*COMEDIENNE and REDGATE. BOUVERIE.

#### LIVERPOOL RACING RETURNS.

1. 0.—Liverpool Hurdle. 2m.—West (6-1, Wakington), 1; Gondor (8-1), 2; Screamer (4-1), 3, 11 ran.
1. 30.—Cup Course Plate. 1m. 3f.—Hidalgo (4-1, Trigg), 1; Zouera (11-4), 2; Prompter (10-1), 3, 9 ran.
2. 0.—Champion Steeplechase. 2m. 7f.—Courfren II (2-1, Mr. Anthony), 1; Mendiana (10-1), 2; Viston (6-2), 3, 10 ran.
2. 30.—Eve of Sifton's Welter. 5f.—Voldy (9-2, Collis), 1; Ponic (20-1), 2; Wizarretta (7-1), 3, 7 ran.
3. 0.—Sifton Park Plate. 5f.—Marchetta f (3-1, Rickaby), 1; Chesap Jack (4-1), 2; Nelson (2-1), 3, 7 ran.
3. 30.—Machin Plate. 14m.—Lagard (4-1, Dick), 1; Moustique (5-1), 2; Estrella (100-7), 3, 5 ran.

#### THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Kid Lewis outpointed Jack Britton in a ten rounds boxing contest in New York on Saturday.

The death is announced of G. W. Webb, the West Ham footballer, who played for England against Scotland and Wales in 1911.

The hilliards match of 18,000 level between Stevenson and Gray ended on Saturday in a win for the Australian by 241 points.

In Saturday's boxing matches Alf Mansfield beat Billy Farmer on points at the Ring and George Groves defeated Fred Houscar at the West London Stadium.

The twenty miles race at Aldershot on Saturday was won by the 5th Oxford and Bucks L.I., whose eight men covered the distance in 2h. 12m. 30s.

Apart from the big match between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran at the London Opera House, the most interesting boxing contest fought last night was a twenty rounds bout between Digger Stanley and Jim Berry at the National Sporting Club.

## WAITING TO BE FIRED.



Lyddite shells lying on the deck of a British battleship. They are what Von Tirpitz's men won't face, and that is why they are spending their time in the Kiel Canal.

## MILITARY CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.



Nine hundred soldiers took part in the seventy-mile cross-country race at Aldershot. It was run in five-mile relays. The picture shows the only jump on the course.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## S. N. DOUST.

## ARMED NOW.



The well-known lawn tennis player, in the Pressmen's section of the Athlete's Volunteer Force.



The National Guard have now got their rifles, which they were carrying in Hyde Park on Saturday.

## TO THE SCEPTICAL

## Digestive Troubles

Advertised remedies for digestive troubles are so many that the public may well be pardoned for regarding them all with a certain amount of mistrust.

Messrs. Savory and Moore strongly advise even those who are prejudiced, against remedies of this nature to give Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges a trial in view of the remarkable and continuous accounts of benefits received. The function of these lozenges is briefly to absorb and remove the Acidity which lies at the root of all digestive disorders. They give immediate and permanent relief in cases of HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, DIZZINESS, etc., and they are quite harmless, having no effect on the stomach itself.

The name of Dr. Jenner, coupled with that of Savory and Moore, may be taken as a guarantee of their genuineness and may act as an inducement for giving them a trial.

Boxes 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., of all Chemists.

#### A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning "The Daily Mirror," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

**W.J. HARRIS & CO. LTD.**

The MASCOT Complete with Apron

**45/-**

Wired on Tyres. Carriage Paid. Crate Free. No extras whatever. ALL KINDS ON EASY TERMS. Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.

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BRANCHES—Batham—22 and 24, Bedford-hill. Clapham Junction—51, Battersea Park-road. Cliswick—224, High-road. Croydon—17, George-street. Ealing—195, Rushey-green. Edgware-road—No. 223 Maiden Vale end. Epsom and Epsom—35-7 Newington Butts. Forest Gate—25, Woodgreen-road. Guildford—28, North-street. Hackney—391, Mare-street. Haringey—583, Green-lanes. Kingston—36, Fife-road. Lee—15, High-road (Lewisham end). Old Kent Road—No. 219. Penze—126, Beckenham-road. Woolwich—62, Towler-street. Wimbledon—5, Broadway-market.

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Lengths 48, 50, 52, 54 & 56in. Price only 10/6 carriage paid

JUST PUBLISHED. Write TO-DAY for CATALOGUE (No. 3) of S.P.R.I.N.G. FASHIONS in Ladies' and Men's costumes. Coats, Skirts, &c. Showrooms open till 7.30 p.m.; Saturdays 1 p.m.

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**MAID'S COAT & SKIRT**

Made in all the choice colourings of Allen Foster & Co.'s celebrated Oxford Serge. Smartly cut Coat, with plenty of fulness. Military front, new collar. Well-made Corset Skirt, with belt at tuck cut with plenty of fulness. Colours—Navy, Light and Dark Grey, Brown, Purple, Green and Black. Price only 10/6 Carriage Paid.

Sizes 10 to 16. Lengths 48, 50, 52, 54 & 56in.

**ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,**  
80 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON



## LIVING IN MIDST OF SHELL HURRICANE.

Woman's Story of Six Hours' Bombardment of Rheims.

## TEN BOMBS BEHIND HOUSE

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 27.—Although the Germans are never tired of citing Providence as their Ally, they apparently are no great respecters of the Lord's Day. Here, in a letter from the Champagne capital, is an account of a recent Sunday evening at Rheims by one of the unfortunate inhabitants of the "martyr city," as the citizens have named it:—

"My husband left on Saturday evening for Paris, and a young lady friend had come to share my solitude. We were seated quietly, about a quarter past nine in the evening, reading, when suddenly there was a tremendous whizzing noise. I was in Strasburg in 1870, during the bombardment, but that was child's play compared to this.

"Then, all at once, without a minute's respite, the Germans discharged their heavy artillery from five different directions on every quarter of the city. We could hear the shells fall.

"We descended to the ground floor, but it made no difference. The cellar is not vaulted, and we ran the risk of being buried in the ruins. Besides, it was full of water. We went down, all the same, and sat on the edge of a box.

### STREET OF DEBRIS.

"At eleven o'clock I was cold and we were both coughing. So we went up to the first floor and I made a good fire in the little drawing-room, which I thought was the safest part of the house. We felt better and awaited developments.

"From eleven o'clock till three in the morning the bombardment was still more terrible. When the shells exploded the whole house trembled. We heard several of them fall into the canal with a great splash. We seemed to be in the midst of a hurricane.

"At three o'clock it stopped. It had lasted six hours and a quarter without ceasing. We had lain down for a moment, and when day broke we saw that a great shell had fallen opposite our drawing-room. It had made two holes which would easily hold a man.

"The street was full of debris, and our courtyard was littered with fragments of wood and glass and stones torn from the wall. Ten great bombs had fallen behind the house. You see, my dear friend, that we were within a few yards of all these bombs.

"Rheims is really very sad. It is a dead city. The shops, which had begun to reopen here and there are now closed again."

## ANNIES AT THE TOP.

Second Place in Woman's Ambulance Name Race Held by Agneses.

Are the Annies, Agneses and Margarets of Great Britain the most popular and most generous women in the country?

These three names still head the list in the "Woman's Name Race" organised by the British Red Cross Society.

The novel scheme was originated by Lady Bushman some weeks ago for providing ambulance cars for the front whereby all the Aliceas, Janes, Margarets, etc., in the country have a chance to subscribe for cars bearing their names.

Some ninety women have been collecting under various Christian names.

A fully-equipped ambulance car costs £400, and the Agneses, closely followed by the Margarets, were the first to collect that amount.

The latest figures, showing the various amounts subscribed, are given below:—

Annie (Lady Highmore)	£463 16 11
Agnes (Miss A. Randolph)	460 0 6
Margaret (Mrs. M. Briscoe)	460 15 9
Laura (Lady Bushman)	366 15 9
Alice and Winifred (Miss W. M. M. M.)	248 0 0
Mary (Miss Le Neve Foster)	244 6 0
Elizabeth (Mrs. Frank Ford)	224 10 0
Hilda (Miss Smallwood)	206 2 0
Katherine (Mrs. N. Thompson)	201 14 8
Edith (Mrs. Barry Mason)	196 11 6
Henrietta (Mrs. Malvernham)	177 0 0
Jane (Mrs. J. Fletcher)	154 19 11

Some names have not as yet shown good returns. The Sybils, for instance, have so far realised only £29.

The total amount collected under Lady Bushman's scheme is well over £6,000.

Subscriptions for any name will be received by the Headquarters Collection Committee, British Red Cross Society, Room 99, 99, Pall Mall, W., and will be forwarded on to the collector.

### NEW L.C.C. CLERK.

Mr. James Bird, deputy-clerk, has been recommended by the General Purposes Committee of the London County Council for the post of clerk to the Council, vacated by the retirement of Sir Laurence Gonine.

The recommendation will come before the Council at its meeting to-morrow. The salary of the post begins at £1,600 a year and rises by £100 annually to £2,000 a year. Mr. Bird has been in the service of the Council since 1881.

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES FOR THE TROOPS

From all quarters we hear the same simple request.

"SEND US CIGARETTES."

### TROOPS AT HOME (Duty Paid)

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application

### TROOPS AT THE FRONT (Duty Free)

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will through the Proprietors for Export, (The British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world-renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS,**  
Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

# DUNVILLE'S WHISKY

2nd January, 1905.

"This is to Certify that the 'V.R.' and 'Special Liqueur' Brands of Irish Whisky of Messrs. Dunville & Co., Ltd., of Belfast, have been passed by the Examining Board of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene as fulfilling the standard of Purity and Quality required by them."

Certificate awarded by Incorporated Institute of Hygiene, for ten consecutive years since above date.

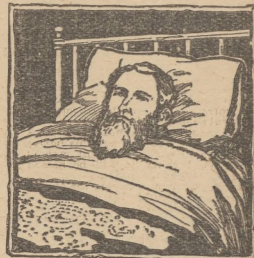
Guaranteed Genuine only when bearing Brand Cork and Capsule.

**DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd., ROYAL IRISH DISTILLERS, BELFAST.**



## DO NOT GO TO BED ILL WITH A RUPTURE. You Can Cure Yourself.

All the important discoveries in connection with the Healing Art are not made by professional medical men. There are exceptions, and one of these is the truly wonderful discovery made by an astute and clever old Sea Captain—Captain Collings. After suffering himself for a great many years from a double rupture, which the doctors said was incurable, he decided, rather than give way to absolute despair, to devote all his time and energies to try to discover a cure for himself. After making all sorts of investigations, reading numerous works on rupture, etc., he made himself practically a rupture



specialist without finding what he needed, until, quite by accident, he stumbled across the very thing he had looked for so long, and not only was he able to completely cure himself with it, but his discovery was tested over and over again on all sorts of rupture cases, with the result that they also were absolutely cured, and the sufferers knew the joy once more of perfect health and the glorious freedom of going about without a truss. Possibly you may have read about this wonderful cure in the newspapers. If you have not, you will be glad to learn that Captain Collings offers to send to every sufferer from rupture full particulars of his marvellous discovery free of charge, so that they can cure themselves as he and hundreds of others have been cured.

The nature of this wonderful cure is so simple that it is effected without pain or inconvenience. The ordinary occupations of life can be followed whilst it is acting, and it completely CURES—not merely relieves—so that trusses are no longer needed; the risk of surgical operations is abolished, and the affected part becomes as sound and as strong as ever it was before.

Arrangements have been made so that all readers of this paper suffering from rupture will be supplied with full particulars of this invaluable discovery without cost, and it is to be hoped that all who need it will avail themselves of this generous offer. Simply fill in and post the attached coupon, addressed as indicated, and the free test will reach you a few hours afterwards.

### FREE TEST COUPON.

Capt. W. A. COLLINGS and SONS (Box 2222), 32, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Send me free the information and Test that I may cure my Rupture. (Write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

### FINANCIAL.

**CAN** We Assist You?—Loans granted from £20 to £5,000, for long or short periods, without securities or sureties. Repayments guaranteed. **Call**, or write, or 'phone 9715 Central, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. **DEVONSHIRE** (Ltd.), 12, Devonshire Chambers, 146, Bishopsgate, London. **CASH** advanced, £3 to £1,000, privately to city clerks and London men generally in permanent positions on promissory notes no fees charged or securities required; repayments to suit borrowers; other loans paid off—Richards and Co., 10 to 11, Line-st. City. **CHEAP** Loans, £5 to £50,000, private and prompt.—Wm. H. Whitman, 42, Fenchurch Lane, London. **PHILLIPS** offers to lend to all responsible applicants any sum from £10 on their own Bill or Note; Advances on furniture at 2 1/2 per cent.—89, Regent-st., London, W. **EASIEST** Way?—To borrow—£5 to £1,000; int., 2s. 6d.; separate ladies' dept.; call, write, or 'phone, 1891 Museum—B. S. Lyle, Ltd., 29, New Oxford-st., W. **LAIDES** and Gentlemen in need of financial assistance should write or call actual lender; loans from £25; no security; no inquiries.—L. Pinsberg, 23, Haymarket, S.W.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Rate**, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. **BOOTS**—Save nearly 50 per cent. buying from factory direct; agents wanted; send postage 2d. for list and particulars.—British Boot Co. (555), Portico, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. **CORNS** Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Sulk, 7d.—Needham, 387, Edgeware Road, London W. **DRUNKARDS** Cured quickly, secretly; cost trifling; free.—Carlton Chemical Co., 522, Birmingham. **LAIDES**—Would you like a free chopper, copper kettle, manicure set, dressing roll, case of afternoon tea-spoons, fish servers and eaters, knife-cleaning machine, Bill carpet sweeper, salad bowl, dented teapot, sugar and cream frame, etc.? Then send a p.c. to know what you have to do to get these things to Box H 35, c/o Shelley, 38, King William-st., E.C. **We Sell** Authors' MSS. and pay for same directly accepted; particulars free.—Cambridge Literary Agency, 8, Henrietta-st., London.



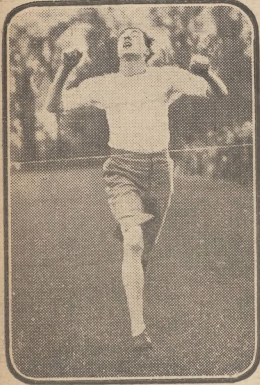
# FRENCH TROOPS CONTINUING THEIR ADVANCE IN ALSACE

THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of "The Daily Mirror" has rapidly become the best and most interesting paper for soldiers at the front, for friends abroad, and for readers wishing to keep a record of the War in news and pictures. Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months, 10s.; elsewhere abroad, 15s.; special rate to Expeditionary Force, 6s. 6d. for thirteen weeks, or order from your newsagent, EVERY FRIDAY, price 3d.  
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# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

## WHAT DO THEY THINK OF THEIR HEADMASTER'S EXTRAORDINARY SPEECH?



J. A. Lord.



The "Dry Bobs" beat the "Wet Bobs," who are nearest the camera, in the tug-of-war.



A. Lubbock.

Eton College held its athletic sports on Saturday, when there were a number of good performances. A. Lubbock won the putting the weight, and J. A. Lord the school

quarter-mile. It would be interesting to know what the boys think of Dr. Lyttelton's speech, which has aroused so much adverse criticism.

## "IF I HAD A DONKEY AND HE WOULDN'T GO."



There was a very obstinate donkey in the grand parade at Twickenham in aid of the Blue Cross Fund. As the procession was in aid of the society that does so much for him and his kind, he might have been more complaisant.

## WOUNDED SOLDIER LOCATED BY A DOG.



German Red Cross doctor attending to a wounded soldier on the battlefield. The man had been located by the dog which is seen lying down. It will be noticed that the doctor carries a rifle.

## WELLS OR MORAN? THE TWO BOXERS AND THE REFEREE



Wells.



Mr. Tom Dunning.



Moran.

To-night Bombardier Wells meets Frank Moran in the great glove contest at the London Opera House. Mr. Dunning will act as referee. The contest has aroused enormous interest, and those who cannot be present can see the various incidents in the exclusive pictures which are to be produced in *The Daily Mirror*.

## FOOTBALLER DEAD.



G. W. Webb, the Association footballer, who played for England against Scotland and Wales in 1911. He was associated with West Ham United for many seasons, and was a brilliant forward.